

the OMEN



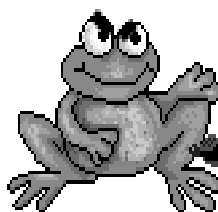
"We Ran Out of Paper"



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omen

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editors & staff

Michael Pierce	<i>Sucks Like:</i>
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Keely Flynn	<i>Rod Stewart</i>
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to submit

Submissions are due **Thursdays** before midnight. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Benni Pierce: Greenwich 22A, Box 916, x2419. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to mpierce@hampshire.edu. Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

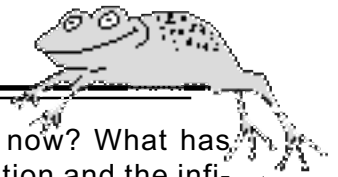
And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.



**Mmm, Yes:
the Omen is
Strong in this
One...**

quote attributed to
Michael Zole

FROM THE EDITOR



by Michael Benni Pierce

Hampshire College lacks a lot of things. Among them are a consistent news paper, advisors and Div III chairs that don't go on sabbatical every two years, and a college television station open for anybody to use. Wait a minute ... Hampshire College does have a television station open for anybody to use. It's called INTRAN. What does INTRAN stand for? I don't think anybody truly knows...

Right now, INTRAN can be found on your television dial at Channel 7. Sometimes it has been found on Channel 17 or Channel 35, but for the current time period, Channel 7 is where it resides.

Why doesn't anybody know about INTRAN, you ask? Well, I answer, it's because people are dumb. INTRAN has been around since the mid 1970s, when Hampshire was just a young and blossoming college, along with the Infinity Video Collective to watch over it faithfully. Together, they have provided students ample opportunity to display their video and film works to the entire campus whenever and as often as they wanted to. Infinity has even gone as far as to provide student productions with free tapes, free equipment, and if possible, a crew to help film the event. This system yielded years of great Hampshire-induced television, bringing a community tighter through something we all have in common – television watching.

But what about INTRAN now? What has become of this illustrious station and the infinite collective that served it? Well, in the past few years, INTRAN has grown old. Dust has covered the system from the little to no use it has been subjected to. In fact, it was in such bad shape at the end of last semester that the Hampshire College Administration was actually thinking of striping the college of this magical device. However, with the signatures of a couple hundred students, INTRAN survived, and still continues to live on at this very moment.

Now you ask, why are you telling me this? Well, as I said earlier, people are dumb. INTRAN is again growing stronger, but it needs help. Because INTRAN is only seen on the Hampshire campus, it is the students who must deem what programming is to be seen. The students decide what they want to see every night by producing new works, or creating works in class that they are proud of, or submitting their Div Is, Div IIs, or Div IIIs. It's that simple.

INTRAN, just like the Omen, is a way to communicate. It is a way to express ideas, over and over again. It is capable of live transmissions, or replaying a certain tape over and over again. For instance, if you turn on INTRAN today, you might find any number of things. For instance, you might see the most current Community Council meeting, or some

Continued on page 22

policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's bi-weekly Free Speech Magazine, established by Stephanie A. Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, hate rants, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or slanderous. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation. Writing that falls under this category is just not an option in this forum.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except in cases of spelling and grammar), as long as you are

willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that whatever you give us to publish you must stand behind. Views of contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the *Omen* staff writers.

Every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue, staff policy, and the location of that week's orgy.

The *Omen* is here to serve you. What better way to be heard than to have what you have to say printed 700 times and distributed over the entire campus and beyond.



MUSIC FOR COMATOSE PEOPLE

by Christine Fernsebner Eslao

The 6ths, *Hyacinths & Thistles* (Merge)

Now that 69 *Love Songs* has made the Magnetic Fields the novelty act of choice for indie kids and Stephin Merritt a household name in some hypothetical indie household, this album might actually sell. Last time I was in Newbury comics, it was loitering about in the lower end of their top 40 sellers. However, this would not be my choice for the album that could become Stephin Merritt's best-known (or at least best-selling) work. He doesn't sing a single one of *Hyacinths & Thistles'* fourteen tracks, and he hands over "Just Like A Movie Star" (my favorite song from the one Magnetic Fields show I've attended) to Dominique Á, whoever the hell that is. But it's not my choice, because I'm not one of the best songwriters alive who can record one of his best songs with someone whose name is one letter with an accent aigu if he really wants too. "You be James Dean and I'll be Sal Mineo / you can hide me..."

The first three tracks – "As You Turn To Go" with Momus, "Give Me Back My Dreams" with Sally Timms, and "He Didn't" with Bob Mould – are very sad and very very good. The rest of it sounds like Broadway musicals that were too goofy to actually perform in their entirety.

Hyacinths & Thistles is more difficult to get into than the first 6ths album, *Wasps' Nests*, and more difficult to pronounce, too. The graphic design, with the font color alternating between each letter, ensures that no one in their right mind will ever read the very clever lyrics.

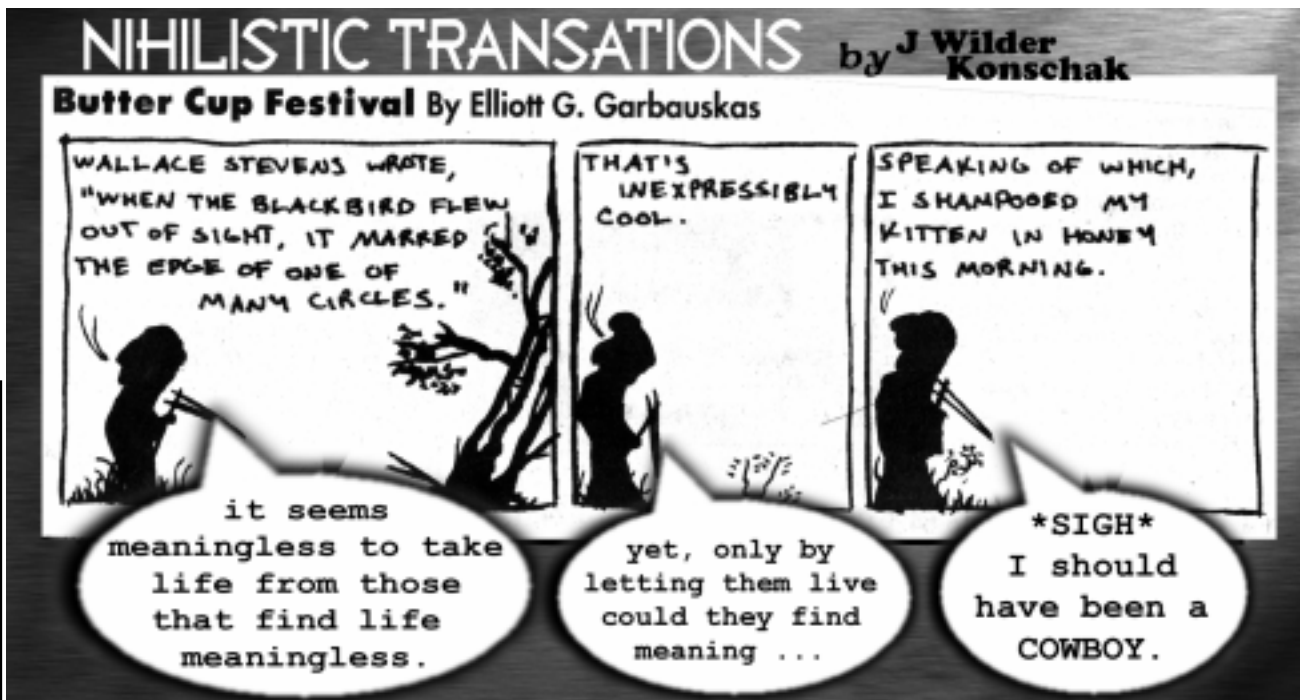
Various, *Crime & Punishment In Suburbia* soundtrack (Milan Records / BMG)

A pleasant semi-indie miscellany. I just can't imagine what the movie's supposed to be about. The cover and liner notes depict hip-looking young people half-smiling at each other coyly. Except for that one picture of some guy with blood gushing from his

stomach. On the back cover there's a shirtless young man and a chick in a corset looking at prints in what appears to be a darkroom. There's a red safelight shining over the girl's shoulder, and a normal lamp on behind the guy, and a white light of unspecified origin on the pile of photographs. You see, in movies, you don't have to keep photo paper in the dark or anything; you just have to shine red light on it and that'll make it all okay. Like in the artsyass new *Hamlet* where everyone's a well-dressed avante-grde artiste and Ophelia's darkroom has an *open window*.

Anyway, Far's cover of the Pixies' classic "Monkey Gone To Heaven" is good (but not too surprising), and there are two tracks for former members of the Pixies. Most of this soundtrack is energetic and catchy-but-not-too-poppish rock. I hope the movie's more interesting.

...It's called a *darkroom* for God's sake.



NO NEED FOR TANGELOS!

It seems that every institution in this country, including, but not limited to, *The Omen*, has trouble spelling my name right. Wow! That's a lot of commas, I'm almost tempted to digress about commas for a while, but I'll resist the urge. Well, here's a clue: It's P-A-T-E-R-N-O-S-T-R-O.

Damnit, I won't even get into pronunciation. It seems the only person able to pronounce my name correctly is Professor Meagher, leading me to conclude you need an extensive scholastic knowledge of Greek and Latin to pronounce a simple four-syllable word. Rubabaga has four syllables, so does incandescent, and no one screws them up as much as my name.

I thought about just directing you to the Latin derivative, and referencing Catholic mass, but then I remembered where I was. I highly doubt and Hampshire student has been to a Catholic mass, outside of protesting, and throwing things at parishioners as they left. So here are a few mnemonic devices to help you remember the proper spelling. Pilgrims And Turnips Evidently Ran Naked Over Silken Terraces...

Shit, this is harder than I thought. How about Peter And Taliqua {in the spirit of diversity} Effortlessly Roll Noisy Oysters Singing The Rachmananoff Overture. See, it's not that hard. It's bad enough when financial institutions spell it wrong on my ATM card, and when the State of Connecticut spells it wrong on my license, but I expected better of Hamp-

shire.

I think the Asian Media Club should show a double feature of *Sex and Zen* and *Here is Greenwood*. I know they like to have cool themes, so this is "Watch this and get yourself fucked up."

But now, faithful reader, you may ask, why is Jeffrey Pasternastroaqosotro bothering us with this. Well, it's simple, after I piss you all off sometime this year by comparing Community Council to the Black Shirts or making fun of the Women's lib movement; I want to hear my name pronounced correctly during your angry hate messages on my answering machine, and spelled properly on the crass e-mails flooding my inbox accusing me of being a hatermonger. It's just Italian, you uncultured bastards.

It amazes me that students here can quote extensively from any number of radical texts like Chinese kids quoting Chairmen Mao's little red book, but can't spell a simple name. I blame the "Teach to the Test" mentality of public schools today.

I hate the Hampshire Mall. This isn't a real mall; it's like one of those bizarro malls. No real mall has a K-Mart in it. Luckily I only needed towels and anime, so I was pretty well set. However, eventually at some point I may need an *All Purpose Cultural Catgirl Nuku Nuku* wall scroll, so then what

the fuck am I supposed to do, huh? That, and that whole section of town smells like cow manure. And they got on me for my license spelling being different from my checkbook spelling. That's right, I bring the continuity baby! This inconvenience me in so many ways. I've had to fake misspell my name on deposit slips {I feel so dirty} and fudge my signature to make it look like there are four "A's" in my name. I'm too lazy for this kind of hassle. And I do not need a federal indictment for Bank Fraud either. Then I get the little contact sheet for my *Page to Stage* class and sure enough, my name is misspelled twice, once under name, and once under e-mail address. On the plus side they are at least misspelled the same way both times. But now if some other aspiring theater hack needs to get a hold of me through e-mail, or god forbid some hot chick from that class wants to e-mail me, I would have noway of knowing.

I suppose that I should be happy with my individuality, actually my four individualities, depending on how you spell my name. But I'm bitter, really bitter.

No, that's not true either; I just find it vaguely humorous, after all, what's in a name? A rose by any other name would smell just as sweet.

Well, maybe not if you called it stench blossom.

Until next time, I ponder if there truly is no need for Tenchi.



You need an extensive scholastic knowledge of Greek and Latin to pronounce a simple four-syllable word

TOKEN LATINA

by Laura Torres

Having shuffled through my first year at Hampshire as an “international” student I have come to the conclusion that the Omen while amusing needed some... oh how do you say—ahh yes—diversity. So I have taken it upon myself to be the official “Cousin Balky” if you will (remember that silly 80’s show—**Perfect Strangers?**). I will lend you my wisdom and charming naivete of being an Ecuadorian, living in the U.S for the first time in ten years. Hopefully my stories will bring a new sense Latin American morals for you ungodly Hampshirites. That said, time to break out the live Mariachi band. Whee!

Bumpy—very bumpy bus ride to downtown San Jose, Costa Rica...my summer playground...

Cali: I can’t believe we’re doing this...

Me: (sigh) I can...

Damn you Hampshire and your insatiable thirst for porn! This summer I had decided that I needed to detox and go visit my friends in Costa Rica. It was wonderful to be back in Latin America, where everything is incredibly sexy, yet not obscene. Well except for those cow vitamin ads—but that is another story for another time. Unfortunately I had come with a mind tainted by midget porn and casual mentions of wound fucking a dead horse during Saga meal times. I told my crazy hamp stories to my friends and immediately my friend Cali was intrigued. She had never seen a porn movie and was convinced that she would enjoy it. She became obsessed with the idea all summer. Her sister and I tried to tell her that porn for the most part is not arousing at all but rather

grotesque. She kept persisting so I finally urged her to rent porn, watch it and be done with it. However that was out of the question. She was apparently well known to every video rental place in the city and to rent a porno flick would have been very embarrassing indeed. So in the end we decided to go downtown to the Cinema 2000.

The Cinema 2000 is a skanky little movie theatre that features straight porn from 2 PM ‘till 6PM everyday, seven days a week. All four glorious hours for just as little as a dollar and valid or not so valid ID! It is a downright steal really. The best part is that you can look up the movies being shown along with the regular movie listings in the national newspaper. Furthermore the place is easy to get to by bus.

After getting off at our stop Cali and I walked over to the line. We felt like very naughty schoolgirls. I think we even giggled like schoolgirls too. We were the only women in line and every man there kept winking and nudging and easing closer to our place in line. Needless to say that these men resembled oily pirates, and were old and made you feel quite icky. I made Cali pay for the tickets.

Before you are allowed behind the black velvet curtains into the theatre, this very cute elderly woman checks your ID. I couldn’t help but feel vaguely sorry for her. Cali and I stumbled into the theatre. No light is allowed so we had to fumble our way in the darkness to find a decent seat and hope to god you didn’t accidentally touch anyone. The movie was just starting as we settled into our seats. It was the usual: two chicks fooling around in some hotel and then Surprise! Surprise! “Room Service”! I thought it was funny that the

room service line was subtitled. So yes, these two ladies had the pleasure of fucking this very unattractive man who was only semi-erect and kept his tube socks, sunglasses and baseball cap on the entire time.

I will say this though: I got a perverse pleasure in watching Cali’s jaw drop. I had that evil little “I told you so” grin on my face that she could barely make out due to the darkness of the theatre. I sat back and observed the faint glows of three dozen cigarettes in the audience. The smoke dimmed the screen a bit but I didn’t feel like I was missing out on anything. I would warn Cali when we would see the close up of cum dripping out of the star’s mouth was coming. Her bravado finally petered out after an hour. We rushed out of the Cinema 2000...the little old lady that checked our ID’s gave us a smug smile.

Cali: that was disgusting!!!

Me: I know...I warned you...

Cali: snuffle...but...but...I thought it would be different...

Me: mmmm

Cali: it was awful, and boring as hell. There wasn’t a plot! How can there be no plot!!!

Me: I told you there would be no plot.

Cali: ...and the SOUNDS! I need a drink.

Me: ok. We’ll have a shot of tequila back at your place.

Cali: ok...snuffle...

I am not sure if this a good reflection of the Latin American experience. After all I am talking about imported porn here. But I think the message of my story is this: in Latin American countries you can do fun stuff like this for dirt cheap. And you get to smoke in movie theatres.



GORDON SUMNER SINGS THE CLASSICS

by Aundria L. Theocles

Let me just say: This is an old article. Vintage, even. I wrote it in December of 1999 after being inspired by Jymm's badass article about (imagined) sex with Patrick Stewart and Jess' mention about someone laughing at her Police CD. I didn't submit it because...because...I don't know why. Here it is, better late than never!

AUNDRIA: Ask me what I'm listening to.

OMEN READER: What are you listening to?

AUNDRIA: "The Very Best of Sting & The Police" tape. That's right, the very best.

I just started listening to it, just as you asked. The process of putting it in my cherished cassette deck (you keep your burned CD's, I'm all about the mix tapes) took much longer then it should have. My stereo decided it would be fun to eat the tape, so I had to use various writing utensils to try and rewind the tape back into its case. If that tape had broken I'd have been heartbroken. That thing has sentimental value!!...all I can say is "Don't Stand So Close To Me." I love that song! Well, I love the un-chorusy part. The chorus doesn't seem to fit in with the rest of the song. Sting sings all soft and slowly and seductively and I just go to pieces. D to the A to the M to the N. Yes yes, you heard me right. Sting is an "Englishman in New York." I'd like to give him a tour of New York—and you know what I mean. At least

I think you do. You should. Sting is the man. YOU should want to give Sting a tour of New York.

Puff Daddy (aww yeah) sampled Sting, and that's when you know you've reached the pinnacle of coolness—when Puffy (aww yeah) steals your shit and puts some more bass over it or something to make it his own. Sting was cool even before the days of Puffy (aww yeah) though, let's be honest. It's almost like he is so uncool, that makes him ultimately cooler. I mean really, he's "adult contemporary." But Sting is *Sting*. Well, his real name is Gordon. Gordon Sumner, if you want to make it a Fun Fact. Gordon was also the name of one of the guys on Sesame Street. He was married to Susan and they lived in the apartment building that Oscar the Grouch lived in front of. But back to Sting.

I had a dream about Sting once. The dream was that I was going to climb this mountain, and he didn't think I could do it. So I said to him, "But I thought you'd never lose your faith in me!" And then I started laughing hysterically because I thought it was the funniest joke ever made. (I'm sure all you Sting fans out there are laughing right along with me, cause you get the reference.) Sting didn't think it was that funny though. My friend Lei had this trading card (a Super Stars Pro Set MusiCard, actually) with

**All I can say is
"Don't Stand So
Close To Me." I
love that song!
Well, I love the
un-chorusy part.**

Sting on it, and I begged her to let me borrow (read: have) it. I was having a rotten day until that glorious moment when Lei gave (read: gave) me the card.

To wrap up, the struggle to get Lei to let me have the Sting card was like when I was a freshman in high school and my pal Angelique had a picture of Corin Nemec that I really wanted. (Corin Nemec is/was/always will be Parker Lewis—who can't lose...ever.) I finally snapped her will in two and she handed it over.

Every little thing I do is magic. Either that or I'm a greedy brat.

Epilogue: March 2000

The cruel irony of all this is the fact that my "Very Best" tape doesn't work now. It broke itself permanently. Well, it still plays, but only backwards. Seriously. It creeps me out. So, I'm forced to shell out a ridiculous \$18.99 now for a CD version of the same album. It's not even a new CD—it shouldn't be a ridiculous \$18.99! But I'm weak, and I know it's only a

matter of time until I cave and pay The Man an exorbitant amount of cash so I can hear the sweet, sweet voices of Sting and The Police.

Let me just say, part two: I still haven't bought a replacement album. But it's cool...cause a new chapter was added to this story over the summer. Stay tuned...





NIGHT RIDE HOME

by Gwynne Watkins

I'm lying in the hammock, staring at the place where its two trees converge. There are lights in the windows around me; phone conversations drift through the air, alongside shouts of voices freed by the weekend, and cars riding the circular street offer the occasional bassline. The hammock sways slowly in the evening chill. I'm drifting like the smoke from my cigarette, rising and dissolving into the sky.

Above the trees, a scattering of stars flashes softly. I didn't understand twinkling stars until I came to Massachusetts. In New Jersey, you're lucky to see stars at all; on the clearest nights, you may be able to gaze up at Orion, the Big Dipper, the youngest of the Seven Sisters, and perhaps an airplane. In New York, the sky is a permanent solid haze, a small strange backlit enclosure pierced by towers. I saw a sky in Maine – perhaps twice in my life, on summer mission trips – that was teeming with stars, a bustling colony of light, so vast and full it was frightening.

But over the Massachusetts farms, the stars are strung like Christmas lights, dancing among themselves. I recall a stealthy trip to the tennis courts, an Indian summer night of my first year, fleeing Dakin to dance naked in the maze of foreign light.

My eyes follow the smoke as it curls upward, grazing leaves in its wake. Another night comes to mind, a year or so back, when I had to look past a veil of tears to see anything at all. A friend offered his arm and took me on a walk. "Look at that – the way the lights shine under the treetops. They're like little houses. Isn't it beautiful?"

Rooftops in the trees. Houses that disappear at dawn. That time, it was enough to get me by.

It's strange the places you find your home. A Hampshire professor, proving an academic point, asked her students to name the one place where they felt a complete sense of self. My mind stumbled over the haunts of my ancestors: Scottish clifftops, farms of Naples, nowhere I'd actually traveled. I thought of places I *had* been. The cobblestones of SoHo. The dense green woodlands of Washington's Crossing. The fountain in Palmer Square.

The humid breath of New Orleans, the careful architecture of Williamsburg, the roar of Jersey highways, the stillness of San Francisco Bay.

The one place I found was my family,

a symbolic place between generations, a place where I can look at my grandmother and know myself in fifty years. Even that answer was cheating. For me, I discovered, a sense of home is a mutable thing, not fixed and not meant to be shared. Other people can

take my towns, my streets and my undiscovered countries. But the folksongs sung in my living room when the power went out, the last dance through fallen streamers in my high school gym, or the rooftops created by streetlights in the trees... these were given to me. They're mine to keep.

When home does happen to me – and I do think of home as an event – it's often unexpected. Which brings me back to my hammock. As I lie there, I watch the neighbors extinguish their tiki torches. I hear the scratch of my mod's screen door. I can taste the raspberries, picked from the farm, which have been my sustenance for days. And perhaps most importantly, I know that people are close: people who define my history, my future, my right now. They're all in their houses. It's getting chilly, so I'm out here alone. But it seems exactly right somehow.

The last thing I hear before my cigarette goes out, is the plaintive mrowr of a cat. There was a time when I'd adopt Hampshire cats, take them in for the night before putting them back on their path to the barn. A cat in my dorm, for a precious minute or two, made it a home. Last night, a cat wandered into my mod of its own accord, curling into the couch and nibbling on the chicken nuggets that my vegetarian housemates won't touch. All of a sudden, the cats were coming to *me* for a home.

Because now I had one.



The last thing I hear before my cigarette goes out, is the plaintive mrowr of a cat.

TIRED OF BEING LOVED BY JUST GUYS.

J'accuse!



by Gabriel McKee

*I know I'm always late since
my watch got sold,
but I'm worth the wait, the
weight in gold.*

*After God made me, they
broke the mold;*

*and I've broken all the
records with that old song*

*bold girls are so fond of
singing:*

*I was born to be adored by
women.*

—Momus, "Born to Be
Adored"

There are a number of reasons why the ladies oughta love me. I'm not talking about my sparkling wit, my charming smile, my modesty, or the fact that I spent countless hours typing up crap for that damned *Omen* documentary. True, those are all wonderful reasons for you to adore me; but I'm not going to write about those here. Rather, I'm going to focus on my vital additions to the world of the arts. Yes, ladies, it's true: Gabriel McKee is a hero of culture.

Witness the musical genius exhibited on the sound files located at < http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/157/kobayashi_maru_scenario.html > (or, for those network-savvy folk among you, < Campusnet/Ecclesiastes/mp3s >. There, you can find some of the best work of my ingenious musical project, the Kobayashi Maru Scenario. There's "I Hope I Shall Arrive Soon," my contribution to the world of improvised electronic space-rock songs that take their titles from short

stories by Philip K. Dick. There's "Upon Waking," a soothing ambient piece, and the more brooding, claustrophobic "Darkening." I've also been kind enough to include "Cycle Cloudburst," a short experimental piece that involves me reading a delicate poem while James, my official Musician Friend From High School, gently kicks his guitar amplifier to make "that neat reverb sound." And perhaps most importantly, there's "Komasc," the song that led *The Omen's* own J. W. Konschak to dub me "the best Goth singer I know." That's right, ladies, I tenderly croon a touching tale of love and disillusionment over a meticulously-crafted soundworld brimming with emotion, and it's all available for you to hear, right now, on that darling creation known as "the internet."

Sadly, due to mp3.com's "no covers" policy, you're missing out on some of the best reasons to adore me. First, there's my cover of Arthur Hamilton's classic "Cry Me a River," which combines the most beautiful noises a keyboard has ever made with my heavenly voice to create definitive proof

that I am, beyond the shadow of a doubt, capital-S Sensitive. Then, there's my version of Low's hit "Shame," where I use all the wonders of multitrack recording to enable you to actually hear two of me. But most important of all is the

epic cover of Wham!'s chart-topping "Careless Whisper," the song that made George Michael a household name after "Wake Me Up Before You Go-Go" made him a household name. It's a powerful song, as my recording makes startlingly clear. It's destined to become a hit in dance halls and residence halls alike, and my heartfelt vocal performance will have you wishing that you—that's right, you—could restore the rhythm to my guilty feet.

But you're in luck, girls. Mp3.com won't let you hear these songs, but I will. They're available free of charge on our fabulous campus network, and if I play my cards right they may be hosted at zole.org within a few weeks. So why do you persist in wasting your time reading *the Omen*, doing your schoolwork, or looking up pictures of N'Sync on the internet? You could hear me play the synthesizer! Hear me sing! Hear me use a metal shower stall as a percussion instrument! And when you've

listened to my songs so much that you've completely internalized them, you can send your \$5 membership fee to The Gabriel McKee Fan Club. Just

address it to TGMFC, box 1347; and drop it in the on-campus mail. You'll be glad you did.

See you on the
flipside, ladies,

Gabriel McKee



MTV MUSIC "AWARDS"

by Tom O'Connor

So, yeah, I watched the MTV Video Music Awards (VMA's for short). Seeing as how I watch that channel endlessly like a zombie, I consider myself an expert of sorts when it comes to music videos. So, without further ado, I'll give you all a little wrap-up of the VMA's in case you missed it.

Best Male Video: Eminem - "The Real Slim Shady". Boo, I say. I just don't understand how Eminem's lame attempt to be funny beat out Moby's video for "Natural Blues". I wish I could say this is the last we'll hear about Eminem in this article, but I can't.

Best Female Video: Aaliyah - "Try Again". Yay, I say. Aaliyah just rocks. She's too cool. I dare anyone to say that Britney Spears, Christina Aguilera, Macy Gray, or Toni Braxton should have won (if you even try to tell me that Toni Braxton should have won, I'll drop an anvil on your head).

Best Group Video: Blink182 - "All The Small Things". Yeah, it was funny the first couple of times I saw it. But I just can't help but love Destiny's Child.

Best Rap Video: Dr. Dre featuring Eminem - "Forgot About Dre". Meh. It's an alright video. Eve should have won because she's so fuckin' cool. Seriously, she could kick the shit out of any of the nominees, especially

Eminem.

Best Dance Video: Jennifer Lopez - "Waiting For Tonight". Jennifer Lopez is a shit head. I can't believe she's famous. There are so many people out there who deserve to be more famous than her (namely me and my friend Pollyne). Her acceptance speech was disgusting, too. She was all excited and out of breath because she won. Come on, Jenny, this award doesn't mean shit and you know it. Maybe she's just happy because it's the only award she'll ever win.

Best Rock Video: Limp Bizkit - "Break Stuff". I believe I speak for everyone over the age of 14 when I say Limp Bizkit is worse than a poop sandwich. But Kid Rock didn't win, and that makes me happier than a pig in shit, because I believe that Kid Rock is worse than Limp Bizkit. In fact, you might even say that I wish Kid Rock would suffocate in his own pile of poop.

Best Hip Hop Video: Sisqo - "The Thong Song".

Dont get me wrong, I LOVE this song, but it's not a hip hop song. The other nominees were Lauryn Hill, Q-Tip, Limp Bizkit featuring Method

Man, and Juvenile. Sisqo really doesn't fit in with this category. I really wish that Lauryn or Q-Tip would have won, because I think they're the best thing to ever happen to the music industry. Seri-

ously.

Best Pop Video: N'Sync - "Bye Bye Bye". I wont comment because I'm ashamed to say that I think these kids are awesome.

Best R&B Video: Destiny's Child - "Say My Name". YAY! These girls rock. If they aren't going to be the biggest thing ever, then I know lead singer Beyonce will be. BOO-YA!

Best Video Of The Year: Eminem - "The Real Slim Shady". Whatever. D'Angelo should have won.

Best New Artist In A Video: Macy Gray - "I Try". Macy's kinda cool, but I didn't really want anyone in this category to win. There was Macy, Sisqo, Christina Aguilera, Papa Roach, and Pink. If you ask me, Best New Artist should be Lucy Pearl.

Viewer's Choice Award: N'Sync - "Bye Bye Bye". They're so cool. However, I would have voted for (and I did) Sisqo for "The Thong Song". I mean, come on, he clearly should have won. Especially when going against N'Sync, Eminem, Britney Spears, and Christina Aguilera.

That's pretty much it. There were some other awards given out, but who cares about Best Editing In A Video and Best Choreography In A Video? Thbbbppt. There were also some performances, and some strange celebrity interactions, but if you didn't see it, all you missed was the Wayans brothers sucking hardcore at hosting the event.

All you missed was the Wayans brothers sucking hardcore at hosting the event



NOT A LIST

by Karl Moore

List... no... pointed social
commentary ...
nah.....Fiction? Ok, fuck it.

His name might have been Todd. If you asked him, you'd probably have to make him repeat himself, such was his voice. High for his large frame, and coupled with his habit of mumbling, Todd's voice was at once shocking and amusing, listening to it like hearing a Mack truck clamor for right of way with a bicycle horn. Caucasian, like most of the people in the country where he resided, possibly Todd was remarkably average-looking: brown hair, brown eyes, no piercings or tattoos. It bothered Todd not a little that he constantly had to reintroduce himself to his educators and superiors at work- his face was that forgettable. Perhaps if he carved something into his head?

Today was Friday, closing in on 7:00, and the man/boy who might have been Todd was riding the subway for no other reason than the rattling car wasn't home. Not that there was anything wrong with possibly Todd's home: both parents were alive, and neither had any problems with drugs, drink or depression. Todd simply wanted to make his time spent there as brief as possible.

Idle, he fantasized about killing all the passengers in the car. To his surprise, he arrived at what he felt was a plausible scenario- if he acted with due haste. A pen in the jugular here, a drop-kick through the window there. An wizened lady sitting across from him looked brittle enough to shatter with a punch. Of course, he had never struck anyone in

anger, much less killed.

Eventually he grew bored with the bloodbath in his head and moved on to worse things. He was full of a dumpee's pained egoism- the feeling that somehow, everything his former lady-friend did related to him personally and was a direct result of his actions. If she talked to him, she felt pity for him; if she didn't, she hated him. She was horrible: smart, funny, fantastically pretty, with a distinctively pleasant voice that had a tendency to carry great distances, particularly when she laughed. Amy. God damn her. She could do no wrong.

Remembering his incomplete homework, possibly Todd left the train at the next stop, bypassing a homeless man wielding a sign that read BLIND HELP. Smoking, always smoking, he walked out of the underground and down the street. Months ago his mother had asked him about his persistent cough, which he attributed to a mild yet indefatigable strain of strep throat he had seen mentioned in shrieking sixteen point font on the cover of his mother's religiously-read *Cosmopolitans*:

KILLER
MICROBES! HAS MODERN
MEDICINE FAILED

US? It got his mother's sympathy and a small stipend, ostensibly for Robotussin. Buying a single bottle and refilling it from time to time with Purplesaurus Rex Kool-Aid kept him in cigarettes.

As he walked, the faltering fever of remaining daylight vanished completely, ushering in a quiet, soggy night. Fairly confident that he wouldn't be

stabbed or shot, possibly Todd took his time walking the last few blocks to his parents' house.

Opening the door, he found the house dark except for a small lamp in the living room tight next to the telephone. Underneath was a note: *Son- Have gone to party at the McPhersons'. Will be back around 12 or 1. Dinner is in the fridge. Do your homework Love, Mom.* Baked lemon chicken and a small glass bowl of potatoes *au gratin* were waiting to ambush him behind the fridge door. They never had a chance. Watching TV on Friday night, a common activity for possibly Todd, usually entailed an episode of *The Simpsons*, an episode of *NYPD Blue*, an episode of *Law and Order*, and three of four episodes of *M*A*S*H*-all reruns. Accordingly, he wished at various points in the evening that he was a Fox screenwriter, a detective, a lawyer, and an army surgeon. Taking time to throw his dishes in the empty kitchen sink, possibly Todd

**Eventually he grew
bored with the
bloodbath in his head
and moved on to
worse things.**

then bounded upstairs to his room. Like every time before, he entered his room, greeted by *Guernica* and a lithe Christina Aguilera. With a

sweeping push, his formerly bedridden homework and textbooks found new residence on the floor. Possibly Todd masturbated, then fell asleep.





Section ZOLE



THERE HAS TO BE A BETTER WAY

by Michael Zole

The great thing about Hampshire is that it encourages lines of thought that I would never pursue at home, or at any other college. For example, I saw *Fight Club*, but I never thought of it as a gay movie. But it's gay. Really gay. Bob Mould gay. It's still a great movie, of course, it's just gay.

Having said that, I've been thinking about menstruation lately. I usually don't think about menstruation any more than I have to, i.e. to pass my 9th grade Biology exam. I guess you could say the process intimidates me. Since I've been thinking about it, I decided to do some research on the topic, which didn't help. Here's an excerpt from the Encyclopaedia Britannica:

"If the ovum is not fertilized, it dies, and the ovary ceases to produce hormones, causing a spasm of the endometrial blood vessels and consequent breakdown of the uterine lining."

Whoa! A *spasm*? For the love of Surly Boy, is that really necessary? But there's more: the aforementioned uterine lining, along with blood for some reason, gets "sloughed off and discharged". Good choice of wording, eh?

I've read enough feminist zines and poetry anthologies to know that some women consider the menstrual cycle to be a significant aspect of their femininity. But be honest: don't you wish there were an easier way? Whoever created the human body did an admirable job with the flesh and blood that was available to them, but I think it's time for some revision. As such, I have prepared a

few suggestions on how life could be made just a little bit easier for the females of our species. I realize that it would be better if these suggestions were offered by a woman, but what can you do.

The Egg Timer System. I have talked to many women who are irked by the irregularity of the menstrual cycle. Menstruation is supposed to happen every 28 days and last for 5 days, but I get the impression that this is often not the case. The current system uses levels of estrogen to keep this cycle, and clearly this method lacks efficiency. The solution is right in front of us, provided we are in the kitchen: the egg timer. I will refrain from making any suggestions on implementing this system, except that we should probably remove the bell.

Ovum-On-Demand. Does a gumball machine release a gumball at regular intervals, whether you want one or not? Hell no! So why not avoid putting all your eggs in one basket, so to speak, by ovulating only when you want to? You might argue that your ovaries have no way of knowing whether you want to get pregnant or not. But why don't they ask the brain? The brain would know. What, are your ovaries shy or something?

Recycling Is Fun. So when the egg dies, the uterine lining is broken down and basically thrown away. Isn't that wasteful? To make matters worse, breaking down the lining uses muscles that I suggest that we look into the feasibility of a durable, reusable uterine lining.

Hopefully this will result in more comfortable menstruation and a cleaner environment.

Blood. My understanding is that blood cells exist to cart vital things like oxygen from one part of the body to another. Therefore blood is usually best left on the inside (exception: Mortal Kombat). The Encyclopaedia does not explain why it is necessary to expel blood during this whole process, so I'm assuming that there's a leak or something somewhere. I think we can fix that.

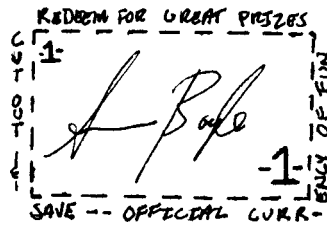
Wrong Place, Wrong Time. Now that humans have longer lifespans, it is no longer necessary (or desirable) to get pregnant at age 13. And anyway, doesn't it seem strange that you can get pregnant before you're allowed to buy cigarettes and porn? How about this: menstruation starts at 18, and consequently girls don't stop growing until 18. This way you won't have to worry about getting your period until your acne has started to clear up, and women will grow to be really, really tall.

Bear in mind that these are just suggestions. I'm no engineer; any implementation should probably be left to the fine people at Lemelson, although I'm not sure a project of this nature would make Parade magazine. By the way, if you are planning to kill or maim me for writing an article about menstruation, remember that Wilder wrote one last year.

Extra Credit Project:
Rhyme the word "uterus"
with as many words as
you can.



LITTLE KIDS ARE STUPID



FILM CRITIC
FOR HIRE

by Shaun Boyle

Every year as part of a court order, I ask little elementary school kids to write into my column and ask any questions they might have about motion pictures.

Dear Film Critic for Hire,

I am only six years old. My favorite moovy is Land Before Time 4. I like it alot. How do i becum a film critic!

Kevin

This kid is a fucking idiot! We all know *Land Before Time 3* is a far superior film. Saying *LBT4* is better than *LBT3* is like saying *The Lion King* is better than *The Lion King 2: Simba's Pride*. Let me also point out that an exclamation point at the end of interrogative sentence illustrates a fatal flaw in the American Public Education system. He's six years old for Christ sakes! When I was six years old, I had mastered interjections and the use of metaphor to illustrate melancholic feelings I had after my dog was hit by a semi.

Dear Film Critic for Hire,

In Laura Mulvey's groundbreaking essay "Visual Pleasure in Narrative Cinema" she asserts that the male's active gaze targets women on screen. Thus, women remain passive objects on screen. I find this very interesting because she doesn't account for women film directors in the industry. What do you think?

Judy

When I was a small lad, I always despised the kids whose par-

ents who did all the work for them. Yes, obviously those parents cheat their kids by doing this but that rush you get from living through someone vicariously just can't be replicated chemically. At grade school science fairs, those kids always had the best projects. Every year I did the same thing: I built a volcano. The only problem was that mine never erupted. It just would kind of put out these noxious fumes. I never won and in retrospect I'm damn proud of that fact. I'm glad my parents didn't show interest. "Just don't touch the power tools," my dad would say.

Maybe I'm wrong here and Laura Mulvey made an appearance on *Sesame Street*. On the show she probably explained feminist film theory to Big Bird and the castration complex to Bert and Ernie. Who knows but I just hate those kids who had volcanoes that erupted correctly.

Dear Film Critic for Hire,

I know this isn't a science column but I'm having trouble getting my model Volcano to erupt correctly. What do I do?

Steve

SHUT UP!

Dear Film Critic for Hire,

I want to be film director when I grow up. What do I do?

Gary

Give up on your dreams kid because they will never come true.

Dear Film Critic for Hire,

You were pretty mean to that last kid. What's up with that?

Fred

SHUT UP! I was mean to him so he would get mad at me and then work even harder to become a film director. It's called reverse psychology, idiot.

Dear Film Critic for Hire,

What do you think of the upcoming fall releases?

Sheri

I'm pretty dismayed actually because there are no films directed by auteur extraordinaire, Bob Saget. It is a crime that a talented man like Bob Saget doesn't get work and two bit hacks like Spielberg, Scoresesse, and Mallick can make all the damn films they want. That's exactly what's wrong with the Hollywood system.

Dear Film Critic for Hire,

Thanks for sticking up for me!

Bob Saget

No prob Bob! Get working your magic!

If you would like to write to Film Critic for Hire, please email him at crowtr@hotmail.com.



WHAT IS A DIV1 PROJECT?

by Zak Kauffman

Listen up you little div1 maggots, cause uncle Zak is talking. I've been at this school for a year now and during that time have become incredibly arrogant, to the point where I now feel that sheep fuckers like you should all gather around and listen to my stories of adventure and romance, from which you can glean wisdom of how to survive at Hampshire.

This week's lesson: **What is a Div1 Project?** I could try to explain the full Division 1 process to you, but that would be futile as unfortunately no one can be told what the Division 1 is. You have to see it for yourself. It's not just because you're stupid, it's that nobody understands it until around their second month, when all of a sudden it becomes clear, at which point anyone who doesn't understand the process looks like an idiot (as we all currently view you).

Now, back to the Div1 project (of which you need to complete two in order to pass your Division 1). Basically, it's anything and everything. It is the alpha and the omega, the light and the dark. It is a piece of work that demonstrates your understanding of an academic area, such as a research paper, a short film, or an experiment. Your project will fall under the umbrella of one of the departments (HACU, CS, SS...), and you need to find a teacher who has expertise in the field of

study Div1 evaluator. They'll ideally guide you through the creation of your project (although sometimes they do jack shit). The project must be larger than something you would complete for a class, but is not supposed to be thesis paper size.

Coming up with an idea of what to do for a Div1 can be the hardest part. Your best bet is to take an assignment you do for one of your classes and just make it bigger (for example, if one of your final papers is 15 pages, see if the teacher will let you turn it into a 20-25 page project).

I'm going to take you through a CS Div1 project I did in Spring 2000.

I took a course entitled The Internet: A Primer in which I learned some basic HTML and built a basic homepage (using the 1.5 megabytes of web space every Hampshire student, yourself included, is entitled to). Near the end of the semester the teacher (to protect his identity let's call him J. Miller. No, that's too obvious, let's call him Jim M.) asked the class who among us wanted to turn their homepage into a project. In my un-evolved first-year brain I thought to myself 'Well gee, I already built the dang website, might as well get me one of them nifty projects out of it', and raised my hand (which had previously been lodged several feet up my smelly first year butt.)

The only problem with this plan was that my website sucked harder than a white boy in prison. For a home page it was fine (a few movie reviews, a web log, gay child porn), but as a project it was a joke. What Jim M. enlightened me to was that I couldn't just hand in this previously done work and get passed with no additional effort; no, it had to have some fucking ACADEMIC BASIS! It had to have a concept beyond simply a homepage, some JPGs, and my opinion on why 'The Propecy' kicks ass.

So I sulked out of Jim M.'s office and spent my Jan term trying to think of a concept for my project. What, you may ask, was the result of this month of free time in which I could have researched web design up the ass and made a page whose beauty would make Jesus weep? I wrote some more movie reviews and composed a letter to Jim M. detailing what my site was all about.

Allow me to quote from this pile of steaming bullshit:

'My Div1 Project is a multimedia website that can serve as a continually growing forum for developing my creative writing and web design skills.'

I ask you, is that meaningless drivel the voice of someone with focus, someone that is wisely spending their \$32,000 a year? No, it is the voice of a worthless first year with no fucking idea

Continued on page 23

I LOVE KEELY

by Justin Philpot

As you may know, I'm spending some quality time away from Hampshire. Having spent so much time there in the last few years, I can't help but miss things. The classes, the professors, the conversations, and the people, particularly my friends; I hold a place in my heart for all of it.

Most of all, I miss you, Keely.

Since I've been gone I've been trying to make myself into a better person for you. I'm aspiring to be everything you could want in a man, a boyfriend and a husband, Keely.

I've been working out for you. We both know you deserve a healthy, happy, cut man to take your worthy arm. Last week as I was doing pushups you were in my thoughts, as always. I counted off, "One for Keely. Two for Keely. Three for Keely. Four..." until my mind flashed on a novelty t-shirt I saw at the mall. It said "one

tequila, two tequila, three tequila floor." Perhaps you've seen it. To punish myself for associating the cherubic tones of your name with such fratboy wit I did fifty more pushups. "One, sorry Keely. Two, sorry Keely..."

I hope this doesn't bother you, Keely. I'm not a stalker or some psycho. You know me. You won't find me going through your garbage at two in the

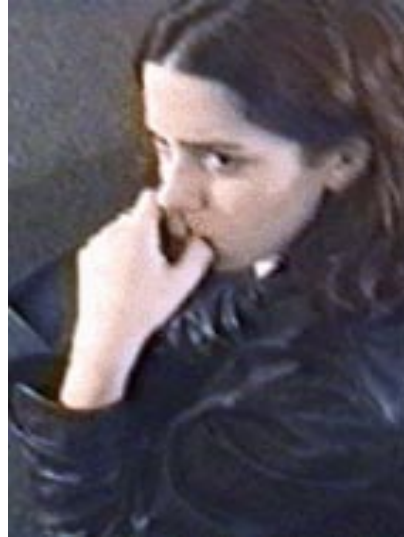
morning. Not like the others.

I have a confession. Sometimes I call you and hang up when you answer. You really do have a wonderful voice, but you know that. Often I pretend you're still on the phone, and we talk for hours. I love your

sense of humor, Keely.

And you are so strong and determined, so sure of yourself, Keely. Confident. Take your

Frog book picture. We both know it isn't the most flattering picture of you, yet there it stays, imperfect for all the world to see. It wasn't your fault, I know. And you, Keely, have overcome the ineptitude of



the photographer with style and grace. I have much better pictures of you. Nothing special. Nothing provocative. Nothing that someone walking by with a zoom lens and a ladder wouldn't notice, if they were to look. But you're perfect, Keely. Who wouldn't look?

It really is quite a portfolio. Perhaps you would like to see it? Maybe over dinner? Don't call me, Keely. I'll call you.



Screamin' Steven

By Karl Moore

GABE IS MY GOTH BITCH

by Gabriel McKeen

I had a dream a couple of nights ago. It was an epic dream, a tragedy, spanning months in the dreamlives of the characters. And they were characters: there were real people as in all dreams, but they were extras. The main roles were played by people who have never existed. This was a dream like few others, a dream with real *meaning*, something about love and life and desire.

Taragire. They all had extravagant names, but the only one I can remember is Taragire. And she was minor herself, a confidant of the narrator that the story could probably have done without. The narrator: me but not me. My eyes, my body, but not me. He was in love with someone. She was perfect for him, but they grew apart—not for any reason, just neglectful stupidity. They didn't realize it had happened until it was too far gone to be undone. One day he looked around for her and she

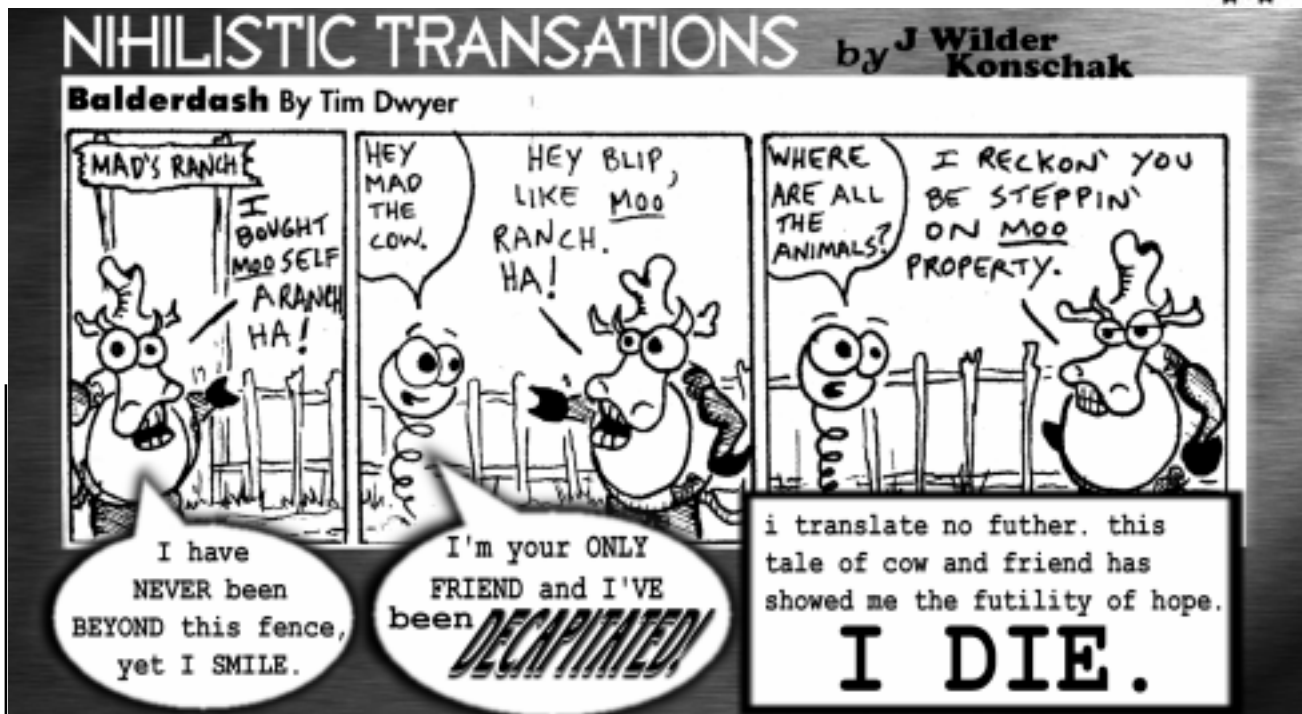
wasn't there. He realized then how much he needed her. And in that same moment he realized how much they had changed; that he could never have her again.

So he went out into the world, and he met someone else. And he fell in love with her. And it was real love and she cared for him and he cared for her and they wanted, truly wanted, to spend the rest of their lives as closely together as any two people can be. But underneath it all was the tragedy: this second girl was not the first girl; could never be anything like her. They were in love, and would likely stay so. But this second girl—she wasn't *right* like the first girl was. There was love, but there wasn't that peculiar something *more* he had had before. And there was happiness. He was happy: and that was the tragedy.

I can't remember this dream. I've tried and tried, but it's simply

gone. Lost. I had another dream immediately following it in which I told people about the dream, and even there it was beginning to slip away. I couldn't remember the names—those extravagant names. I only remember Taragire by the dumb luck that she briefly appeared in the second dream. The setting is fresh in my mind, the subplots, the supporting cast, the extras. But the real plot—gone. The characters—gone. The emotions—those, especially, gone. I have the skeleton of a horse—I cannot ride. The dream has drifted away like my narrator's lover. Gone. And forever.

If you have something, never let it go. Hold onto it as if your life depended on it, because it does. Ending up happy can be the deepest of tragedies—it's better not to end up anywhere. Live. And never let go. And never forget.



ARTS BASHING AND CENSORSHIP AT HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE

Abridged by J. Wilder Kenschak

By Bob Chatelle, *Boston Local*, Sept 8th, 1995

This summer, someone on the DailyJolt pointed us to this fascinating article about Hampshire College's history with Freedom of Expression. Since reading it, I've encountered references to these (and other) Hampshire incidents twenty or more times. . I've shortened the article to the core facts for space concerns. I hope that the article will bring about some comments. If nothing else, I plan to respond to it next issue. If you'd like to see the whole article, go to:

<http://www.ultranet.com/~kyp/schools/hampir.html>.
Thanks.

James Montford is a well-known and respected 44-year-old African American artist and teacher. HE was a speaker at the 1994 New England Artists Congress and he also participated at that Congress on a panel sponsored by the Boston Coalition for Freedom of Expression. Montford is deeply concerned about racism, especially about the harm perpetuated by racial stereotyping. His art deals with these issues in an intelligent, provocative, and challenging way. As a result, it sometimes provokes anger and accusations that his work is racist itself.

In the fall of 1993, Gallery Director Carolyn Arnold invited Montford to do an installation at Hampshire College.

The installation (part of a series) was titled *The Lipper Constellation*. It consisted of 36 basketballs arranged on the gallery floor in the form of a stellar constellation, connected by black tape corresponding to white out-of-bounds markings. What provoked outrage was not the basketball arrangement, but rather a poem that was an integral part of the installation—a poem abounding in offensive racial stereotypes.

The show opened on a Monday, and at first things were quiet. A couple of days later, angry students and faculty members were demanding that the show be shut down. On Friday, Carolyn Arnold was asked to attend a meeting in the office of Hampshire President Gregory Prince. About seven members of the administration were present and the meeting lasted two hours. According to Arnold, "President Gregory Prince demanded to know why, if I knew the artist was controversial, I brought him to Hampshire." Also according to Arnold, the administrators at the meeting were about evenly divided on whether or not the show should be shut down immediately. She also reported that strong pressure was put upon her to close the show herself. When Arnold refused, she was told that she could keep the show open if and only if she installed a response wall (not a comment book). Arnold opposed this

move because she strongly felt it would violate the artistic integrity of the work. She also felt it was improper to do this without consulting Montford. Arnold gave in, however, because it was the only way to keep the show open.

The show did stay up, although in a significantly altered state. *The show was also vandalized on more than one occasion during the run.* Montford went to Hampshire on two separate occasions to deliver gallery talks. During these talks, said Arnold, James Montford was "movingly articulate." Arnold also told me that it became clear to her during the question-and-answer period that many who attended had no interest in hearing what Montford had to say and were there to promote other agendas...

After Montford's installation left campus, the administration hoped to avoid future controversies. According to the PFAW report, "Dean of Students Trey Williams recommended developing an advisory committee to review artworks formally before exhibitions were installed." *Arnold told me that the committee would also review proposed theatrical productions.* This move was strongly opposed by most of those in the Humanities and Arts Department, who saw it as an attempt to institute an official Hampshire board of censors.

Philosophy Professor Jay Garfield wrote an thoughtful resolution, which he brought to the faculty on December 7, 1993. The text of the resolution was:

The Faculty of Hampshire College affirms the right of all members of the College community to the free expression of views in speech or in art, and the right of all members of the community to hear the expression of any views or to view art without censorship, and without regard to the positions or perspectives embodied in that speech or art. This precludes the censorship or prohibition of non-criminal speech in all college forums and precludes restrictions on the judgments regarding the display of art made by those professionals entrusted with the college's galleries.

This brings us to the most astounding and disturbing incident of all: This resolution was *defeated* by a vote of 26-21. This incredible development attracted the press and it received national attention. Probably as a result of the embarrassing publicity, the proposed review committee was never established.

The investigator from the Western Mass Local presented two reasons his sources gave for the resolution's defeat: (1) "That the resolution was unnecessary since the college had already upheld Montford's right to exhibit his work," and (2) "there was concern that it [the resolution] would send a negative message to those members of the community who were offended by the ex-

hibit." Neither explanation holds water.

First of all, it is disingenuous for the college to affirm that it had "upheld Montford's right to exhibit his work." It had not. The administration's attempt to close down the exhibit had failed only because of the integrity of Carolyn Arnold. For the college to claim *failure* to shut down a show as equivalent to support of free speech is outrageous.

Second, the exhibition was not allowed to stay up in unaltered form. The response wall, which violated the integrity of the work, was installed over the curator's objections and without consulting the artist. Montford may readily have agreed to the wall. The point is: He wasn't even asked. He was not treated with dignity and respect.

Third, given the context of the controversy around Montford's show, and given that the administration was threatening to create an official Hampshire board of censors, the argument that the resolution was "unnecessary" is simply not credible.

The second reason given for the resolution's defeat is even more troubling. I believe that this is in fact the true reason that the resolution was defeated. But consider the principle it affirms: one may oppose free speech in cases where the speech in question has *offended* someone. By this principle, the National Writers Union made a terrible mistake when it stood up for Salman Rushdie, because it sent a negative message to those offended by Rushdie's work. The Boston Local made

a terrible mistake in defending the right of the Mapplethorpe show to stay open, because it sent a negative message to those offended by homosexuality.

In the movie *Manufacturing Consent*, Noam Chomsky is quoted as saying, "The difference between agreeing with what someone says and respecting their right to say it has been clear in non-fascist circles since the eighteenth century." It is indeed sad that this distinction is *not* clear to the majority of the Hampshire College faculty.

Jackie Hayden told me a story that illustrates the chilling effect of the anti-free-speech resolution and gives lie to the claim that it was "unnecessary." Danny Lyon is an acclaimed photographer who made his reputation documenting the civil-rights movement. Lyon had a show at the Corcoran a while back, and Jackie Hayden decided to invite him to Hampshire College to show his work.

Over 30 years ago, Lyon became interested in biker culture and began to document it with photographs. In preparation for Lyon's visit, Jackie showed slides of some of Lyon's work to her class. Unfortunately, she chose to include some of the biker photos as well. A student in her class objected to one of the photos, which showed a woman (one of the biker's girlfriend) lying on the ground, and three bikers standing around her. Jackie asked the objecting student if she wanted to discuss the photograph, talk about why it upset her, talk about the intent of

the photograph, etc. The student said no, she just didn't want to look at it. So Jackie went on to the next slide and thought that would be the end of it.

A couple of days later, every Hampshire student had a note in their mailbox saying that Jackie Hayden was bringing a "rapist artist" to campus. The troops went into action, and the usual brouhaha occurred: picketing, candlelight marches, concerned telephone calls to Jackie from Men Against Rape. The students' demand: censorship. Censorship, plain and simple. They wanted Lyon disinvited or a guarantee that none of

his "offensive" work would be shown at Hampshire College.

Lyon did go to Hampshire, but the experience was disheartening for all concerned because of the protests. There's no doubt about it: Hampshire is getting quite a reputation. Would any artist of stature set foot on that campus now, considering the abysmal treatment accorded Montford and Lyon? In his discussions with me, Montford told me he felt he'd been "banned for life" and "blacklisted" at Hampshire College. Hampshire may well find itself blacklisted by artists as well.

More importantly, the Hampshire students are not at

fault. They are unfortunate enough to attend a college where the faculty defeats free-speech resolutions because they are "unnecessary." Therefore it is absolutely to be expected that such students demand censorship whenever they encounter a work of art that they happen not to understand.

The majority of the Hampshire College faculty have brought disgrace upon their honorable profession. Only they can reverse this most terrible mistake and remove an otherwise indelible stain on Hampshire's reputation.



MOORE, MOORE, MOORE! HOW DO YA LIKE IT? HOW DO YA LIKE IT?

by Aundria L. Theocles

	Mandy Moore	Karl Moore
<i>Alternate First-Name Spelling:</i>	Mandi	Carl
<i>Hair Color:</i>	blonde	fake blond
<i>Favorite Police Song:</i>	"Don't Stand So Close To Me"	"Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic"
<i>Favorite MTV Celebrity:</i>	Carson Daly	Carson Daly
<i>Sings:</i>	sugary teen pop songs	off-key Big Tymers songs
<i>Believes In:</i>	Easter Bunny, Santa Claus, & Tooth Fairy	UFO's
<i>Preferred Sleepwear:</i>	silk nightgown with lace trim	boxers
<i>Britney or Christina?</i>	Christina	both at once, plus Mandy Moore, Hoku, Jessica Simpson, and a real big bed
<i>Guilty Pleasure:</i>	Olivia Newton John albums	"Saved By The Bell: The New Class"
<i>Endorsement Deals:</i>	Neutrogena	Slim Jims



I'VE GOT A KNIFE AND A MOD! LOOK OUT!

By J Wilder Konschak

Some lawsuits are swirling around in our little bubble, looking for a place to stick. One of them was recently lost by young Camp Hamp. Sheila Moos, former Director of Phys Plant, won \$115,000 in a gender discrimination case against the college. I don't know about you, but that sure cancels out my tuition contribution to the school coffers.

A former Hampshire College student who was raped after finding a stranger next to her in bed is now suing the college for \$10 million, claiming that it failed to provide adequate security on campus. *Ten million dollars*: All our pockets together barely make a pocket of that depth. Here's what ten million dollars looks like: \$10,000,000.00. That's a lot of zeros. Admittedly, I tacked the "zero cents" on there to make it look more dramatic, but can you blame me? Just take a look at that number!

It was my first semester here (1998), and according to sources, "a 21-year-old junior (third-year) testified that she awoke in her room in Enfield dormitory (mod) to find a man (Mr. Weirido) in bed with her. Because she thought that the man was her boyfriend, she began having sex with him." But, when Weirido said, "I love you," she realized something was terribly askew.

"Her boyfriend had never told

her that, she testified." If the stranger had said, "*Ouch, you're on my hair,*" she might have never noticed.

Now, the real problem here is, Mr. Weirido, who wasn't a Hampshire student, had already walked into the room of a modmate earlier that night. Another modmate had also found Mr. Weirido in the room of another girl in the mod. That same girl later found her bed messed up and her drawers pulled out. But, despite all this, despite a stranger ransacking her neighbor's room, and barging into another's, the victim left her bedroom door unlocked for her boyfriend. This, of course, would include leaving the mod door unlocked, as well.

Now, it would take a lawyer three days to describe the difference between seeing a stranger in your dorm (as Enfield is regularly referred to in the news), and seeing a Weirido in your *mod*. But, if I saw *anyone* I didn't know in my mod, I'd stab them in the throat. I know you would too.

If the stranger had said, "Ouch, you're on my hair," she might have never noticed.

Unfortunately, when this goes to court, it won't look that way. It'll look like this guy was wandering around in the halls of a dorm, a dorm, which is arguably

very much the responsibility of the school. Mods, on the other hand, are controlled almost exclusively by their inhabitants. And that's the point.

So – Mr. Weirido, who'd been lurking around the mod all night (I don't know about you, but I picture

someone in a feces-smeared green sweater, with a long tangled beard, no teeth, and only one eye.), walks into her room, gets down beside her, and they start having sex. How could she have not noticed the lack of teeth? And what about that beard with the cockroaches in it!?

Whatever.

I realize it's beginning to sound like it, but I'm not blaming the victim here for the rape. Once she realized that Mr. Weirido wasn't Mr. Boyfriend, she asked him to stop, and he didn't listen. That *is* rape and that *is* wrong. In fact, Mr. Weirido has been found guilty in a criminal court, and is now going to prison for his crime. That's a good thing. He is, after all, a Weirido.

However, I *am* defending Hampshire College. The fact that Mr. Weirido found his way into her room was no one's fault but the victim's. – which is what it's being sued for – This rape was not the fault of the college, and it should not have to pay \$10 million for it.

But, unfortunately, Hampshire is struggling to make a name for itself, and its students and faculty are helping it in the most effective of ways: by giving it a rotten reputation. Our little farm in Amherst is making a name for itself at last. Hampshire College: sexism, rape, and censorship. Isn't that worth \$30,000 a year?

"There was no immediate comment from Hampshire College officials."



FUN WITH YOUR COMMUNITY. IE, ME.



By Keely Flynn

My concentration is pretty straightforward; Profitable Narcissism. It's more than a field of study, it's a way of life. It entails being rather into myself and attempting to get paid for it. Essentially, performing. I was jolted from the warm fuzziness of my ego when a less than astute Hamper Camper mistook my title for something completely unrelated. It's not that I took for granted that everyone would know and appreciate what I chose to focus on—really— it's simply that the two words have probably never been in the same sentence before. It made me chuckle at life's little oddities.

Narcolepsy. He thought I studied Profitable Narcolepsy. Can you imagine the repercussions of what that would entail? _Dude, wanna see me fall down in a stupor? Got a fiver?

I apologize. That's not funny. I should be more considerate of those who have afflictions that I do not— ha ha— and should not use them for punch lines in my articles.

I actually watched a recent documentary on different forms of life that are profoundly affected by narcolepsy. Like cats. They showed (interviewed?) these cats that were gracefully prancing around on tables at one moment, then suddenly would keel over and careen down to the linoleum, smacking their heads on every solid object along the way. Moments would pass, and they'd revive

themselves and go on their ways, nice as you please, like nothing had happened. This is not funny!

But that reminds me of other times that my Division II title had come up in conversation and been misconstrued:

Typical Question: So you're studying the system of thought that essentially brings together the philosophy of Plato, and say, the mysticism of the Orient around the 3rd century?

Me: No. That's Neoplatonism.

Typical Question: Oh, then you mean the belief that—

Me: Nope, you're thinking of Necessitarianism, that ol' belief that all things, human conduct for example, are governed by unchangeable causes, and that you and I do not possess free will.

Typical Question: Oh. You should study that.

Me: Already did.

Typical Question: So what about—

Me: No. It's nothing like narcosis. Now you're just being weird. Although narcosis/narcotics in general have a direct correlation to my field of study, it's not what I focus on. And it's hardly profitable, from my point of view. I usually (in the distant, distant past) ended up losing and/or owing money. Hardly profitable. If I were a charity, I'd be the uber-not-for-profit organization.

But enough about me. Not only am I a fount of wit, but I am surrounded by terribly fascinating people who constantly spew hu-

morous catch phrases, as well as pontificate on global matters that affect us daily. To prove how willing I am to _briefly- share the spotlight, I will put forth some of these gems to the Omen readers. (Both of us.) Names have been changed to protect the Dumb as Bricks:

Sky: So I'm a Catholic

LeeLee: But you're gay! What do you say in confession?

Sky: A whole lotta _Hail Mary's.

Denny: Dude, that's not The Blues! You were rolling like thunder under the covers! (Re: Elton John)

Mack: Okayred blinking light. Do I look this up under _red_ or _blinking?_

(Re: a broken copy machine manual)

Snark: You know what the best thing about Rocky II is? (Followed by blank stares)

Reesa: If you keep your bottoms on, you don't hafta worry. (Re: stripping and lap dancing. Swear to God.)

Dom: [laughs at his own joke] Okay, now your turn to say something funny.

Words to live by. Most of them, anyhow. And now, to introduce something which we hope will become a regular part of the bi-weekly Omen: The Chance Encounters section. It's rather simple. Someone catches your eye in Saga, you want to get their digits. Example: 9.26.00: Saga, dinnertime, stir-fry. You- dingy hippie with live

OBSCURE RULES PREVENT STUDENTS' AID

By J Wilder Konschak

Financial Aid is an institution whose sole purpose is to give away free money. However, like every Hampshire office, Financial Aid is debilitated by crippling layers of arbitrary and incomprehensible rules. And this semester, like so many before it, one of our Hampshire students has been excluded from the fold by these senseless rules.

This article is really not about the psychological and social woes suffered by this student when she arrived on campus, moved into her room, and found out, only upon registration, that beside her name sat the words, "No Financial Aid." No, this is about the obscure regulation that could put us all in her place. For, it seems, the

only mistake this student made was this: she did not realize that she had to turn in her financial aid forms in order to be given money.

What a crazy and complex way to swindle intelligent students out of their education! What a nonvaginal rearend invasion! If you don't apply, you can't receive aid? Whoever heard of such a thing? Bureaucracy, my friends, is the enemy of all right thinking people. All this student did wrong was fail to hand in any kind of application, request, or communication. For the lack of one little "official" and "complete" request for aid, she suddenly is ineligible? It seems unspeakably unfair that we must jump through

such hoops such as asking for the money to get free money. Their job is to give out cash- why don't they JUST DO THEIR JOBS?!

Indeed, the Financial Aid office is clearly unprepared to do its job. And if Hampshire cannot institute serious reforms, every student who makes the honest mistake of not applying for aid will be screwed out of it. Luckily, this martyred individual has publicly promised to hold onto her faith in Hampshire- and I hope she can. Because after this cold, heartless, pitiless, and unforgiveable blunder, even I am beginning to think Hampshire may not be as perfect as long believed.



continuations

FROM THE EDITOR

Continued from page 3

live URLs, or even some more creative shows. IMAGINE THAT! Darwin's Kids, a completely student run show, is very popular among the young adults today, along with the World Wrestling Collective's Weekly Beatdown.

Also, in the recent past, other shows have included CTV, The Bratwurst Farm, and The Infinity Hour.

If you are tired of watching nothing but the weather channel and a TV guide for channels you don't give a damn about, then submit to INTRAN by contacting me. That's right: Michael Benni Pierce, the Executive Producer of the Infinity Video Collective. My extension is x5918 and my e-mail is

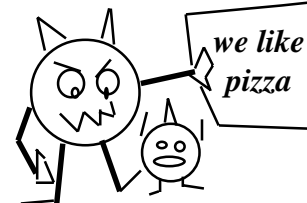
mip98@hampshire.edu.

Feel free to submit any content that you've created at Hampshire. This can include (but is not limited to) sitcoms, music videos, commercials, video or film shorts, URLs that you've made, music that you want people to hear, theatre performances, wedding proposals, documentaries, interviews, or class projects. If you want, put contact info on the end of the piece in order to get feedback from other students about it. If you want to be a part of the Infinity Video Collective, call me as well. We always need people who have experience in video, want experience in video, or want to show others how to gain experience in video.

And the least that you can do

is watch the damn channel. Can it hurt so much to be a part of this campus and see what other people are doing when your putting red hot chicken wings in your mouth?

INTRAN thrives on you, as it reflects the community as a whole. Get involved now before everybody else does.



article goblins make a mockery of the system by applying for satellite television funding from FICOM. They are turned down.

continuations

what they're doing but stalling for time. Essentially, I was looking for Jim M. to say, "Well Zak, you present some interesting ideas here. Here's how to easily take your steaming pile of bullshit and shape it into a project that will get your disgusting first year ass passed."

That is not what happened when I finally got around to making an appointment to see Jim M. face to face (over a month into my second semester). To his credit the infinitely patient Jim M. sat patiently and absorbed all of my bullshit as I told him how I wanted to make a non-linear multimedia site that combined creative writing with website design. Some how he resisted the temptation to plant his foot firmly up my ass and tell me to get the hell out of his office and stop wasting his important time until I had a respectable Div1 proposal. Instead of this reasonable response, he nodded and told me that I was kind of unfocused, and should meet with some of the web design talents at Hampshire. He told me I needed to find some specific concept that would demonstrate an aspect of web design, and then write a researched paper backing up my design decisions.

I was of course aghast. How

dare he reject my bullshit and not just pass me on the spot? Asking me to do research, to assemble a bibliography, to come up with a CONCEPT! The nerve of the man!

So as Jim M. advised I met with of the learned Internet folk on campus (including the sage-like (David Gosselin, Ryan Moore, and Joe Pierce) and learned a little of what's required for a web design project and some research sources I could use. I found the web design Bible 'Creating Killer Websites' by David Siegal, a book that showed me how to do web design that was more advanced than the websites made by retarded gerbils and first years. And after another month I came up with a web design concept. I pitched it to Jim M. and he approved it and told me to get moving since the semester was almost over (as my addled first year brain had decided procrastination was to be my salvation). As a project concept I decided to take one of my papers done from another class and convert it into a webpage, thus demonstrating the pros/cons of writing for the internet as compared to writing for print mediums. The entire school celebrated the genius of my concept, and several parades

were held. After much more consulting with my web design gurus I finished my site. I then wrote a paper talking about all of my design decisions, and turned it in to Jim M. a week before the end of the semester.

I had a Div1 evaluation meeting in which J. Miller (damn, I mean Jim M.) and my co-evaluator David Gosselin told me what they liked and what was comparable to elephant dung, and under the promise that I would fix the latter over the summer I was passed.

So that's all a Div1 project really is. Don't worry about not having a good idea and being so full of shit that you're not allowed in SAGA, because almost everyone is. Just find some little idea and don't overdo it. Write a well-researched paper explaining why what you did was cool, and turn the fucker in. By the way, if you're writing a research paper as your project, don't make it too broad a subject. That's how I ended up writing a forty-page paper on why the Dali Lama is a stupid-head that consumed my first semester and nearly broke my puny first-year brain.

Next week's story:
How I lost a sewing
needle up my nose.



continuations

animal entrenched in dreads. Me- cute blond who smacked into ice-cream freezer. Let me toss your tofu and wax eloquent on the impact your contributions have on society. x7173

They don't have to be pleasant, either:

9.24.00: Pub lab, 11:30pm.
You: editor-type who ran red lines through my article you BAS-TARD. Me: perky third-year just trying to make an honest dollar. Call me so I can ream you with your Sharpie, don't be shy. x5158

PROFITABLE NARCISSISM

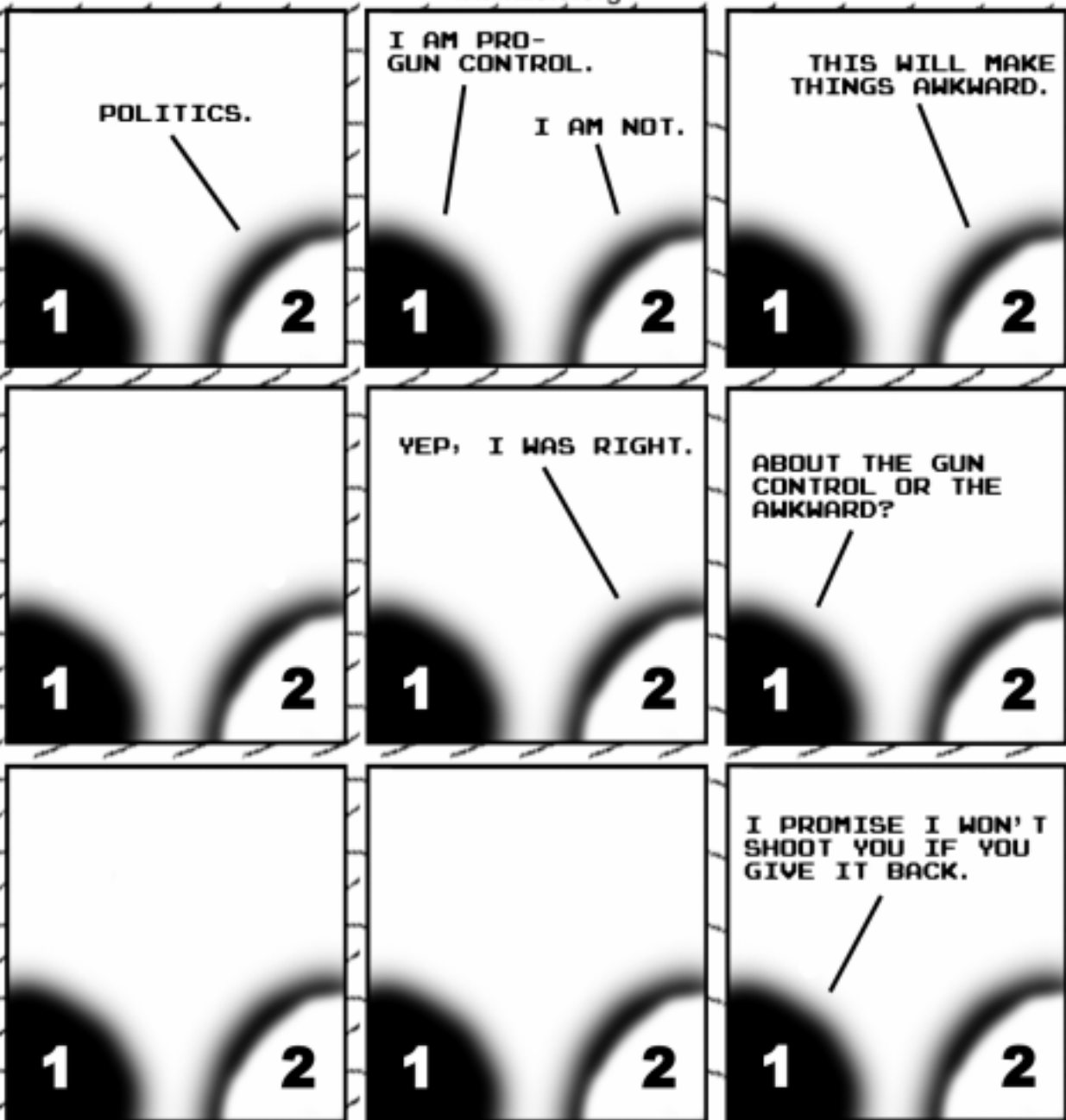
Send your Chance Encounters to box 570 in our very own mailroom. I promise to publish them, as long as they don't use real names, and hinging upon the fact that I don't see myself in any descriptions. Dig?



DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST V

◆ by M. Zole ◆

www.zole.org



HEY YOU.

This past week, in addition to the mail bombs, love letters, and CORC newsletters which usually grace the Omen mailbox, we received an anonymous submission with accompanying photos. It is against the Omen's charter to print anonymous submissions; however, if the mysterious authors would like to claim their glory, please send your true identities to mip98@hampshire.edu.

And as for the rest of you, what in hell are you waiting for? At least these guys submitted something!